

A Kiss Goodnight

By: aBeautifulWorld

He brushed her hair out of her eyes and patted her head. "If you're sad, you don't have to keep it in. I'm right here for you, Ryuuko-chan." He kissed her goodnight as a child and he would gladly do it again after all these years.

Status: complete

Published: 2014-06-08

Words: 1846

Rated: Fiction K+ - Language: English - Genre: Friendship/Romance -
Characters: [A. Mikisugi, Ryuko M.] - Reviews: 7 - Favs: 58 - Follows: 14

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10433113/1/A-Kiss-Goodnight>

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

A Kiss Goodnight

[Introduction](#)

[A Kiss Goodnight](#)

A Kiss Goodnight

Disclaimer: I do not own Kill la Kill or any of its characters, they belong to Studio Trigger. I am merely using them for my own creative amusement.

AN: I have always loved the idea that Mikisugi knew Ryuuko back when she was really little, and that they got along splendidly. I am assuming an age difference of 12 years between Ryuuko and Mikisugi with this particular piece taking place when Ryuuko is 3 years old and too young to remember these moments when she is older. And so I present osananajimi Mikiryu. Happy reading x

A Kiss Goodnight

He thought he heard someone knock. Aikurou waited for the professor to respond, but the man was too busy muttering at the incomprehensible data to notice or care. He sneaked another look at the entrance to the lab, before getting up and quietly wishing the older man a goodnight. His task for the night was mostly done anyway.

The teenager stepped around the door... and almost tripped over the three year old sitting right in front of him. He landed on his side, grunting at the sharp pain to his hip bone. The little girl looked on, amused.

"You're so clumsy, Aikurou."

"R-Ryuuko-chan?" He propped himself up on one knee and sighed, patting her head gently. He was thankful he didn't kick her face in. "Don't sit in front of doors anymore. You okay, little one?"

"I can't sleep."

"Ah." He picked her up with some effort and bounced her lightly.
"Want to go outside for a while?"

She grinned and hugged his neck. "Okay."

They returned to Ryuuko's room after Aikurou took the keys for her balcony door from the family hall. He wrapped her duvet blankets around her before they ventured out and settled her on his lap. They stared up at the twinkling lights in the sky, breathless at the sight.

"Pretty."

"Right?"

The Matoi mansion was far away from the city, and the stars shone quite brightly here, one of the many reasons the boy loved living here with the professor and his child. The hours were long and stressful, but rewarding to him. The professor was eccentric and weird, but fascinating to crack and understand.

The first day he unexpectedly stumbled across the mansion and asked for a job, he didn't know what to expect. Now he wasn't just a live-in intern, he was also a baby sitter, but he didn't mind too much. Ryuuko Matoi was clever for a three year old child, understanding things intuitively and always keen to explore the world. She snuggled against his chest and he stroked her soft hair, twirling a particular lock very gently.

He never understood where the out-of-place red highlight came from though.

"Want me to sing you a lullaby, Ryuuko-chan?"

"Nah, Aikurou probably can't sing."

"Hah? Where did you get that from, your dad?" He shook his head as the girl grinned and stuck her tongue at him, not impressed by her

father's antics. Even though the professor told him babysitting was part of the job, the man liked to interfere, warning the little girl against him. "I have a beautiful singing voice, you know."

She ignored him, changing the subject. "Can I sleep here tonight? The sky is really pretty."

"You might catch a cold, little one."

"Aikurou is plenty warm though."

He resisted the urge to squeal and simply beamed down at her, hugging her tight. Ryuuko was usually a coarse girl, probably taken after the old man, but she was unexpectedly sweet at times. He ran his hand through his hair, being careful not to displace the numerous hairclips he used to keep it in place. "Do you feel tired?"

She yawned wide and loudly like a kitten and he covered her mouth for her. "Not really."

"*Really* now?"

A few minutes passed before she spoke again, her voice distant but her words ringing quite clearly in his ears. "Papa said he wants to send me away... what does that mean, Aikurou?"

His blood ran cold. "What? Where did you hear that? When did you hear it?"

"The nice big sis was really angry at papa, shouting... in the kitchen... yesterday?"

"Nice big... you mean Kinue-san?"

Her head bounced sleepily. Kinue Kinagase was another one of the professor's assistants, although she only came by once in a while. As far as he knew, she helped the professor analyse the data he collected from his research and occasionally gave him maternal advice for Ryuuko.

"Do you remember what they said, exactly?" His held her closer and his chest tightened.

"Not really. Big sister kept saying I was too small for... bo-boating school?"

"Yeah, you are."

Although he could see the logic behind the decision, and he knew that he had no say in the matter because he wasn't her big brother or a part of the family, every fibre of his being was repulsed by the idea of sending her away at such a tender age.

"Aikurou?" He blinked down at her blurry face, "Why are you crying?"

He wasn't quite sure himself. The teenager wiped away the unwanted tears and smiled down at her, tucking the duvet closer under her chin. "Ryuuko-chan's so cute, you make me cry. But don't tell your old man, okay?"

"I'm telling!"

"You're so mean, Ryuuko-chan. I'm going to start crying again."

Her eyes grew wide. She twisted wildly out of the blankets and quickly wrapped her chubby arms around him, trying to burrow herself into him. "Don't cry, Aikurou. Papa says you turn ugly if you cry too much."

He laughed aloud at the statement, savouring her cuteness whilst she was still around. The little girl pulled back and frowned, not entirely sure what was going on. She had such an earnest look on her face.

"That's silly." He brushed her hair out of her eyes and patted her head again. "If *you're* sad, you don't have to keep it in. I'm right here for you, Ryuuko-chan."

She nodded contently and lay back against him again, finally calming down, comforted by his steady breathing. He let out a deep sigh, thankful she didn't pursue the matter in her tired state as she usually would when she was fully awake. A little snore came from the small child after a few minutes and he awkwardly tried to stand without jostling her awake. He relished her warmth before tucking her into bed and giving her goodnight kiss on the forehead.

"Aikurou, you awake?"

The unexpected weight on his chest was making him uncomfortable. His eyebrows scrunched together and the man struggled to crack one eyelid open. His wife stared up at him, a rather bored and restless expression on her face. Aikurou tried to smile at her lovely vision in the moonlight, but it came out as a grimace. "What is it, dear?"

"I can't sleep."

He groaned as he tried to shift his position, before chuckling as her words summoned a distant memory. His mind flashed back eighteen years when the situation was completely different, yet ironically similar. He ignored her rather odd look. The woman lazily swirled patterns onto his skin and he sighed, reluctantly capturing her hand in his.

"Ryuuko-kun... you know I'd love to, but I have a morning class tomorrow." He grinned, her face practically glowing red in the dark room.

"I'm not asking for that, stupid pervert." She sighed and dug her chin onto his sternum, before sitting up properly, capturing his full attention. Her head remained downcast, her long fringe hiding most of the expression in her eyes. "Can we go outside for a while?"

He blinked at her, wondering if she chose the words on purpose before shaking his head, gaining a frown from her. He held out an

arm in apology, affectionately brushing her hair back behind her ears.

"It's cold out."

She folded her arms and turned aside, giving him a small harrumph. But when she spoke, her voice feeble and surprisingly small. "Y-You can hold me... if you want. Is that okay?"

He poked her cheek gently. "Is everything okay, Ryuuko-kun?"

"Just bad dreams."

It's been a while since the last time. He finally sat up with a groan and gathered her in his arms, taking care not to just flop onto her from exhaustion. She kissed his jaw as thanks and closed her eyes, soaking in the bliss of the moment.

"Alright, let's go."

He pulled back and gathered their duvet around her, tucking the material snugly under her chin. She pouted at the childish treatment and he grinned, giving her a quick peck on the lips. He groggily got up to unlock their apartment's balcony door and slid it open, shivering at the sudden chill in the room. Spring was taking it's time coming along, in his opinion.

"Hey," he heard the soft shuffling of her slippers against the carpet, "Don't do the thing, okay? People walk around sometimes."

"What thing?" He smirked over his shoulder, knowing full well what she meant. She sighed in exasperation at him and he resisted the urge to laugh, she looked like a giant meat roll.

"You know... that *thing*." She passed him the sturdiest yet lightest chair in the room, her face flaring up again at the memory of his other *talents*. "... that *glowing* thing."

He stretched and almost started it anyway just to tease her, but resisted to preserve their quiet and rather tender night so far. He rubbed his bare arms and plopped himself onto the chair, thankful he was at least wearing long pyjama pants. He held his arms out and waited for her, raising an eyebrow when she shift from her spot.

Ryuuko scuffed her slipper covered toes against the cold tiles and shut the sliding door behind her, giving him a guilty look up and down. "Aren't you cold like that?"

"I've got you, remember?"

"Are you really satisfied with that?" She tentatively curled up on his lap before snuggling herself closer into him, her head under her chin and his arms around his waist, her feet tucked protectively between his legs. She listened to his steady heartbeat and took a deep breath in, all the tension in her body slowly melting away.

"Yeah," He held her tighter, kissing her lightly on top of her head. She smiled gratefully up at him and he poked her nose back, winking cheerfully at her. "Always."

AN: I'll be working on my Ib fics again soon and then Pandora Hearts soon enough. If you want to request any Mikiryu moments, send them to my tumblr and maybe I'll get around to them some time. I hope you liked this fic, tell me your thoughts if you do. Take care! x